MISSOURI MINE

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
R. BELLE McCORD

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H. KIRKUS DUGDALE CO.
14th and You Streets,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Respectfully dedicated to Senator N. Dressor

Missouri Mine

For SOLO or QUARTET

Words & Music by
R. BELLE Mc CORD

INTRO.
Andante and legato

mf

tr

There's a low vine - wreathed cab - in in a val - ley 'neath a hill, With the
Oh, the North has lakes of beau - ty, and the West has wealth un - told, And the
Trop - ic moons beam ne'er so ten - der as where slope thy gen - tle hills, Where the

breath of cy - press steal - ing 'round the door, Where the
East her cul - tured lore on land and sea, And the
pur - ple grapes hang lus - cious on the vine; Nev - er

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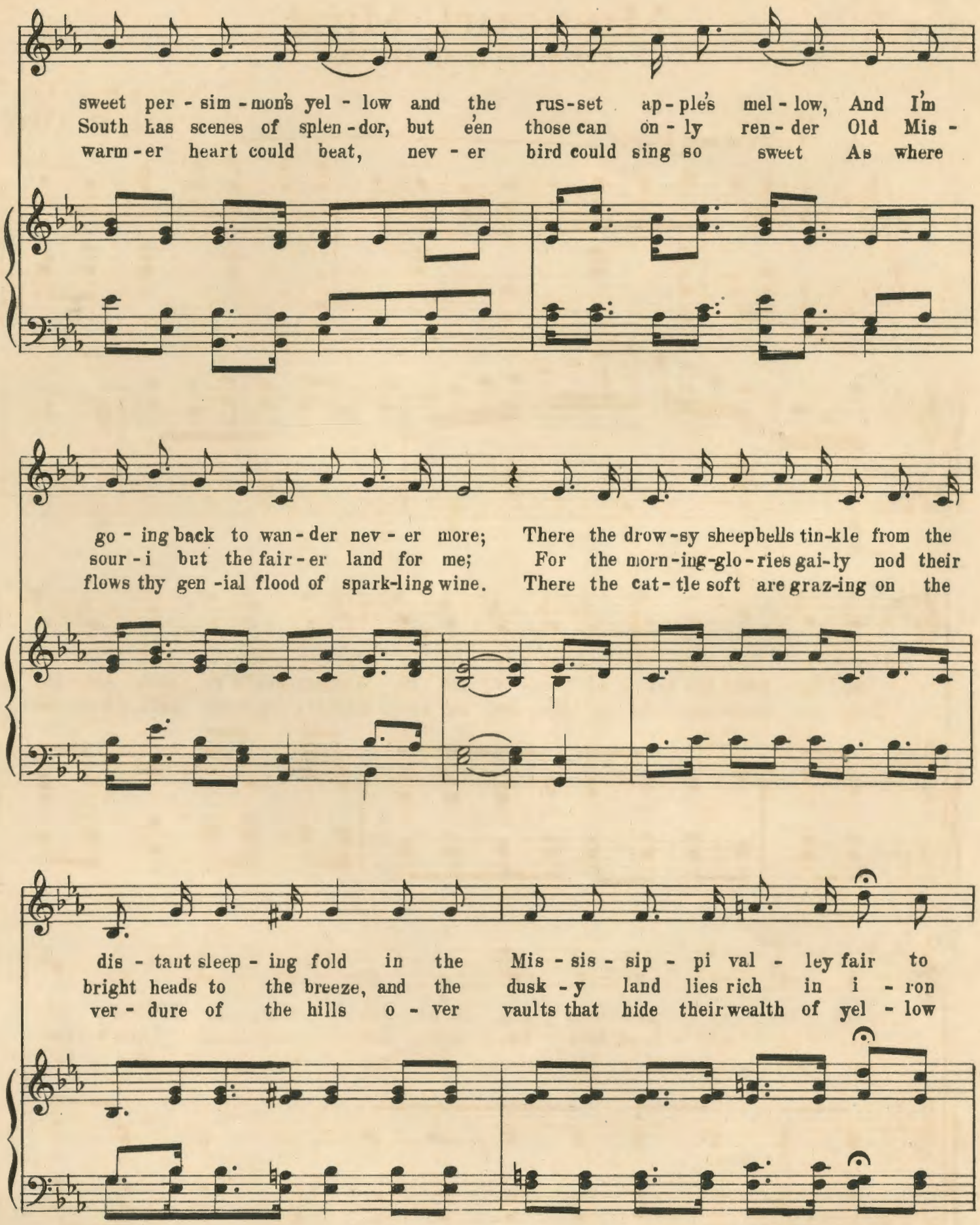
sweet per - sim - mon's yel - low and the rus - set ap - ple's mel - low, And I'm
South has scenes of splen - dor, but e'en those can on - ly ren - der Old Mis -
warm - er heart could beat, nev - er bird could sing so sweet As where
go - ing back to wan - der nev - er more; There the drow - sy sheepbells tin - kle from the
sour - i but the fair - er land for me; For the morn - ing - glo - ries gai - ly nod their
flows thy gen - ial flood of spark - ling wine. There the cat - tle soft are graz - ing on the
dis - tant sleep - ing fold in the Mis - sis - sip - pi val - ley fair to
bright heads to the breeze, and the dusk - y land lies rich in i - ron
ver - dure of the hills o - ver vaults that hide their wealth of yel - low

see; And for no place would I miss her, where the
ore, Where we all love one an - oth - er and where
gold, Where the o - ri - ole is sing - ing and her

moon-beams gent - ly kiss her — oh, en - chant-ed land! Mis-sour - i fair for me!
ev - 'ry man's your broth-er, and the old Mis-sour - i soft - ly laps the shore.
mel - low notes are ring-ing through the vine-clad val-leys in Mis-sour-i. old.

CHORUS

My own Mis-sour - i! dear old Mis-sour - i! That's where I'm

go - ing, no more to roam, To hear those

song - larks down in the O - zarks O land of

E - den! My own dear home!

Hark! the chorus of the Muses that is murmuring through the air,
With their wealth of story and poetic lore,
'Till they settle down above her-for the classic Muses love her-
Old Saint Louis, whom the very gods adore;
For the wisdom of the East and West are wedded at her feet,
Where the treasure of our fair Columbia lies,
In the Mississippi's arms, resting safe from all alarms
While the old Missouri sings her lullabies.

Try this on your Piano

Won And Lost

Words & Music by
MABEL KLINE

Andante espressivo

mf *rall.*

O, to - night brings a thought of the long, long a - go, When I
By my own hum - ble home was the manse of my love, Tho' the
O, my love proved as true far a - way from me, As that

p

roamed thro' the wood - land at home, But the
dif - fence we nev - er could see, And at
night 'neath the old haw - thorne tree, And it

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